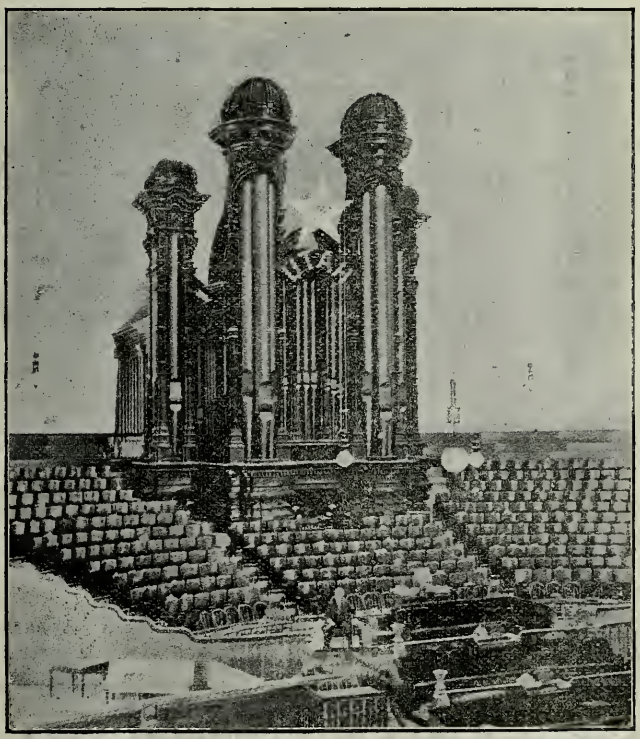
THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"*Woe unto him that shall say . . . we need no more of the word of God, for we have enough.*" II NEPHI 28: 29.

No. 34, Vol. LXVIII. Thursday, August 23, 1906. Price One Penny.



SALT LAKE TABERNACLE ORGAN.

AN HOUR WITH A GREAT ORGAN.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE ORGAN AND ITS WONDERFUL MUSIC.

It was on a recent afternoon when the heat seemed to leave no loophole through which to crawl to comfort that Professor John J. McClellan, the organist of the Mormon tabernacle, gave me this invitation: "I have to do a little practising with a pupil on the big organ at 5 o'clock. Would you like to come along and see and hear how it works?"

Would I? Four years before I had sat in the cool shadows of the egg-shaped marvel, the Mormon tabernacle, and listened to this gifted young player jubilate in harmonic splendor. To sit by his side, to know how all the power and majesty of music was coaxed into being from this, the greatest organ, perhaps, in the world, was a privilege too great to resist. And then, too, the big auditorium, capable of seating eight thousand people comfortably, was, I knew, cool as a mountain canyon. "Come at five o'clock," said Professor McClellan. I was there ahead of time and waited till the summons came for me to "go up to the keyboard."

I shall not attempt here a description of this great organ. I believe I tried it in some correspondence from the west several years ago, and it has been written of much. Mormonism is never, in the ignorant mind, associated with any high achievement in art, and yet, here in this desert city, these religionists, who hold and practice strange beliefs, have erected a musical monument that excels anything that Gentiles have ever done of the same kind. The big organ was erected thirty years ago, but has been modernized internally within the past few years. Standing in the west of the egg-shaped auditorium, its massive front towers loom up to a height of fifty-eight feet, while it occupies a space 30x33 feet. There are one hundred and eight stops and accessories, while within its enormous body it holds more than five thousand pipes. When you stop to think that this instrument is capable of four hundred tonal varieties, description need go no further. To the musician, the organist, this fact is in itself overpowering.

But these mechanical and structural facts can be had from the guide books. Standing before the great keyboard with its four rows of keys, its innumerable stops, its vast pedal arrangements, and the touch of its master upon it, I come into a new comprehension of the size and wonder of the instrument. Outside, the hot sun shines down through the leafy interstices of the trees that line the broad walks. The faint chirp of the birds is borne unto me through the lowered transoms. Presently, the organist ceases to talk and turns to his keys. There is a distant rumble, our backs are to the organ, which stands twenty feet or more in the rear of the keyboard. The rumble takes on the elements of ponderous harmony that swells like the sound of the sea; into this there break the sweet flute notes of a Chopin nocturne. Against the deep thrill of the organ's sub-current the marvelous charm and sweep of the music plays, swinging into the lighter passages with a clear resonance that stirs your pulses, and at last dies away with a quiver of exquisite melody.

Hardly has the sound of this classic rhythm died on the air until the organ-

ist by a swift change of stops and combinations and a change of pedal movements breaks into the prelude of that heather blossom from bonnie Scotland, "Annie Laurie." The prelude is suddenly broken into by the sweetest "voice," soprano, carrying in clear, full note the air. Then comes a strong bass, and then a baritone, while, presently, high over it all the bugle voice tenor. I turn instinctively believing at first that Professor McClellan had sprung a little surprise on me and hid his quartet in the bosom of the big organ. But it is the "vox harmonica," the most beautiful in the world. I never heard "Annie Laurie" so played. The vast swell of the organ lay behind those "human voices," which rolled upward against it and broke in great splashes of silver melody. It seemed that far off, coming to me across the years, was the voice of the finest singer of old ballads I ever knew. The words almost took shape as I listened:

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I would lay me doon and dee."

Then came "The Rosary," Nevin's greatest thought, played with rare beauty and expression. I lost sight of the passing of time until the shadows began to creep up from the big auditorium below, where the long rows of empty seats now seemed indistinct. When at last we came down from the keyboard, I could understand more fully what Adelaide Proctor meant when she wrote: "The soul of the organ had entered into mine."

To play this great organ requires marvelous physical as well as musical skill. The hands seemed to me as I sat there watching to be the least important factors in the work. The feet must move with unerring precision and with certain swiftness. The right foot seemed to be employed with the immense swell of the instrument, while the left foot, with the deftness and celerity of a hand, touches the "pedal" keys, giving symmetry, smoothness, and expression to the various voiced pipes. I have used the sea as a figure of speech in describing the music of the organ. This seems to me the only adequate figure. If one could imagine the ocean suddenly caught and all its distant roar and crystal wave splashing turned into perfect harmony, he would have some idea of what this Mormon organ can do in the hands of the man who has mastered its intricacies.

John J. McClellan, the tabernacle organist, is a young man, barely more than 30. He is a native product, being Mormon born and bred, but he belongs to the "new school." He is a churchman in the sense that Zion is the home of his religious faith. In personal faith and practise he is as far from fanatical or marital vagaries as any clean minded young American. He is happily married, and his devotion to his art is manifest in all he says and does.

I shall not soon forget that torrid July afternoon in the big Mormon tabernacle. Whether Mormonism be right or wrong; whether Reed Smoot stay in the senate or not, Zion of Utah has builded a bridge into an enchanted land of music in this big organ that will give saint or sinner, Gentile, Mormon or Jew a new highway to musical glory.—CHARLES M. BREGG in the *Pittsburg Gazette Times*

IF you are a stone, be a magnet; if you are a plant, be sensitive; if you are a man, be love.—VICTOR HUGO.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH IN EUROPE.

PRESIDENT SMITH AND PARTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AND VISIT TO VARIOUS PLACES.

[President Joseph F. Smith is in Europe on a brief visit. Elder Le Grand Richards, secretary of the Netherland's mission, sends us the following account of the arrival of President Smith and party, and their visit to places of interest in Holland. This being the first time in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that the President of the Church during his presidency has visited Europe, the occasion is of unusual interest.—Ed.]

President Alex. Nibley of the Netherlands mission, accompanied by Elder Laurence Y. Thatcher, went from Rotterdam to Antwerp to await the arrival of the s.s. *Vaderland*, as he was expecting his father and mother and two sisters to arrive on that boat. It was about 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, August 7th, that the boat began to near port, and as she drew nearer and the party on board was spied, curiosity arose as to whom the grey-bearded man who seemed to be so friendly with them could be. They were not held long in suspense, for, as the boat anchored, the fact was revealed that not only President Nibley's parents and two sisters—Hon. C. W. Nibley, wife, and daughters, Annie and Alice—were on board, but also that President Joseph F. Smith and wife Edna were members of the party. It was, indeed, a surprise, but a very happy one. After a short time spent in the city of Antwerp, the party continued their journey direct to Rotterdam, arriving about noon. A visit was made to the old Pilgrim Church in Delftshaven in the outskirts of Rotterdam, and then the party returned, visiting the mission office. Here they found Elders anxiously awaiting their arrival, as the coming of the president was not a surprise to them, they having received word by mail the same day that he was on his way to Europe. It was a very happy meeting.

President Heber J. Grant had received the news of President Smith's arrival, so the following morning, Wednesday the 8th, he also arrived in Rotterdam and joined the party. The journey was then continued to Amsterdam, where the day was spent in visiting places of interest. At 8 o'clock in the evening a meeting was held in the hall at De Wittenstraat 109-111. The Elders had lost no time during the day in notifying all the Saints and friends of the special meeting to be held, and the result was that the hall was well filled. Everybody sat in expectancy awaiting the arrival of President Smith and party. There were also Saints and Elders from surrounding places present, and it would be useless to endeavor to portray the expressions that beamed in every countenance when the party arrived, and again at the close of the meeting when it was announced that the visiting brethren and sisters, including President Smith, would stand at the door, and that all desiring to clasp their hands would be granted that privilege. During the meeting the following spoke, President Alex. Nibley and President Wells L. Brimhall interpreting: President Alex. Nibley, President Heber J. Grant, President Joseph F. Smith, Elder Charles W. Nibley, Sisters Edna Smith and Rebecca Nibley.

Thursday morning, August 9th, the party left for The Hague, and upon

their arrival, President and Sister Smith were made very happy by the arrival of their son Alvin, who had come over from London, and was there to meet them as the train pulled into the station. Among the places visited in The Hague were the House in the Woods, where the world's famous Peace Congress was held, the Queen's Palace, and an old prison where are kept instruments that were used in torturing to death those who departed from the Catholic belief. Scheveningen, the beautiful sea resort, was also visited, after which the party returned to Rotterdam, where a meeting was held at 8 p.m. in hall "Excelsior," St. Janstraat 15. Here there was a congregation of about four hundred Saints and friends, including many Saints from neighboring branches. There were also thirty-four Elders from this mission in attendance. All who occupied the time at the Amsterdam meeting spoke here; also Elder Alvin F. Smith. Elder Herman Bell acted as interpreter.

After the close of the meeting, President Grant returned to England, while the remainder of the party stayed in Rotterdam until the following morning, when they left to visit further on the continent, President Alex. Nibley of this mission accompanying them.

Discourse delivered by President Joseph F. Smith before a congregation of Elders, Saints, and friends, in the hall "De Wittenstraat" 109-111, Amsterdam, Holland, August 8, 1906.

I am very pleased, my brethren and sisters, to meet with you to-night, and it gives me joy to see in your faces that spirit which accompanies those who have received the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I look into your faces and I see those who have embraced the Gospel. Although we are strangers, nevertheless the spirit of the Gospel makes us brethren and sisters, and this is a source of joy and satisfaction to me. The Spirit of the Lord always gives to those who receive it a friendly, kindly look; we see in each other, when we enjoy that Spirit, brothers and sisters, no matter what land we may inhabit.

I am happy to say to you that I have always loved the Gospel of Jesus. I was called when but a boy of fifteen years, to go on a foreign mission to preach the Gospel. I went to the islands of the sea, where I had to learn a strange language like some of these, my brethren, have had to do; and I felt in my heart then that I had been sent out to preach the word of life to the people of the world, and that feeling has grown stronger in my faith and in my heart ever since.

When a small boy, I distinctly remember seeing the Prophet Joseph Smith. I have sat on his knee, I have played in his home in my childhood, and I saw his lifeless body brought home from Carthage after his life had been taken away. My own father fell with his brother for the testimony of the truth which they bore to the world. I knew my father and the Prophet Joseph Smith to be good men, pure men, men who had faith in the Lord, who were willing to lay down their lives for the truth's sake, and they, indeed, sealed their testimony with their blood. In my childhood and early manhood I was familiar with President Brigham Young, and was very intimate with him. He treated me like one of his own children. I had every opportunity to

know him, and I can bear testimony to you, my brethren and sisters, that he was a man of God. I have also been intimately associated with Presidents John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and Lorenzo Snow. I have seen them under difficulties and in trials, and I can bear my testimony to you that I know them to be pure, upright, honest, faithful men. The Lord was with them in their ministrations, and sustained them in their high callings, and gave them His word to speak to the people over whom they presided. I am happy to have the privilege of bearing my testimony to you to-night, and I am thankful to my Father in heaven that so many of you good people of this great city have embraced the Gospel of the Son of God, which is, indeed, the power of God unto salvation to all who receive it.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ will always make good men better, and if there are those who have been bad who will receive it, it will cleanse them from their sins, and bring them into fellowship with the Lord. "Mormonism," as it is called, will make good citizens in this or in any other land under the sun. Those who receive the Gospel will become better for it, and the object of the Gospel is to make us better. It will make better men and better women, better husbands and better wives, better fathers and better mothers, and better children if they will only live according to its precepts. These young men who are here as your teachers have been reared in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Most of them have been born of parents who are members of the Church, and they have been born under the bond of the new and everlasting covenant. They have come out here to this foreign land, obedient to the call of the holy Priesthood, to learn your language, to associate with you in righteousness, to set a good example to you and all the world, and to show you the way that you should walk in, that you might obtain eternal life; and I pray God, my Father, to bless these young men and sustain them in the truth and establish them firmly in the spirit of their mission, that they may be, indeed, true guides and leaders of the Saints in this land and all who desire to become acquainted with the principles of the Gospel and to walk in the straight and narrow path that leads back into the presence of the Lord. These Elders should live circumspect lives, they should keep themselves pure and unspotted from the world, they should not follow any of the fashions or follies of the world; but they should live above all these things, and set an example worthy of imitation in their lives, that they may obtain the affection and confidence of the people among whom they labor, and that they may fill good and honorable missions, and return, when they shall be released, to their homes, pure and unspotted from the sins of the world.

The Gospel teaches us purity of lives, and teaches us to love one another, to be kind to all mankind, to be a friend to the people of the world, and to let our light so shine that they may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven. We should be true to our covenants which we make in the waters of baptism, wherein we are born again of the water and of the Spirit, and become, indeed, the adopted children of our Father and joint heirs with our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

May the Lord bless you. I must say again, I am pleased to see you. I am thankful that you have received the Gospel. I hope the day will come when you will be able to gather with us in Zion, but I do not advise you to be in

haste. I trust that you will remain faithful and true in your fatherland to the Gospel you have received, that you may be able to endure all the trials the Lord may see fit to bring you under. It is through trials, through meeting difficulties, through facing the objection and unbelief of the world that we get strength, that our faith is increased, our comprehension enlarged, and we get a broader and stronger idea of the principles which we have received.

I must say to you, my brethren and sisters, that I know the Gospel is true. I feel it in all my soul that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the Lord; that he was raised up by the power of God to do the work which he did. It could not have been done by the power of man. From the day that the Prophet Joseph Smith received his first vision, the world was opposed to him; the preachers of the world claimed that the heavens were sealed over the heads of man, that the canon of scripture was full, that there would be no more messengers from God to man, that the whole Gospel had been given to the world, and that, therefore, it was not right for anyone to claim, especially a child like Joseph Smith was, that the heavens had been opened, that angels had descended from above and had communicated God's will to the soul of man once more. Joseph had to meet all these objections, and hatred was created in the hearts of those who were teachers of religion against him, and thus he had to meet the prejudice and hatred and enmity of all the religious people of the world. They sought to destroy his life from the beginning. Not a moment from the time that he first started his mission until his blood was shed was his life safe or without being threatened; but the Lord preserved him until he had organized His Church, until he had restored a knowledge of the first principles of the Gospel, and restored the knowledge that we were not only here for our personal salvation, but for the salvation of those who had died without a knowledge of the Gospel. He restored to us the knowledge also that marriage is an eternal principle, that in order that we might have claim upon our husbands and wives and upon our children in the world to come as well as in the present world, we must be united together by the power of God, and that all covenants and agreements and vows that are entered into in this life that are not by Him or by His authority are void and of no effect after men are dead.

Only those principles which we receive from the Lord and those covenants which we enter into by His word and that are sealed by His authority and by His Holy Spirit will endure throughout eternity. Joseph also taught the doctrine of baptism for the dead and that all the other ordinances of the Gospel necessary for our salvation are also necessary for our fathers and ancestors as much as for those who are living, and that the Lord has laid it upon us to perform the work which is necessary for their deliverance from the prison house and from darkness, and bring them to the light of the Gospel, and unite them together under the bond of the covenant of the Gospel of eternal truth. Many glorious things have been restored to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith that had never been revealed in such fullness in any other dispensation of the world, so we have great cause to rejoice and to be exceedingly happy, because we have received the Lord's word and God's truth and authority to administer in the ordinances of the Gospel acceptably to Him. God bless you, is my prayer in the name of Jesus, Amen.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1906.

EDITORIAL.

AN "INFERNAL" DOCTRINE.

ONE of the Elders, speaking recently on the obstacles which he had to contend with in bringing the Gospel to the people, said that "the infernal doctrine of instant and unconditional salvation" was among the hardest with which he had to contend.

The expression "infernal doctrine" may sound somewhat harsh, but we believe the speaker told the plain, blunt truth. Infernal means, according to the dictionary, "of or pertaining to hell." He who is the master-mind in that region of darkness is the devil, and the doctrines which he inspires or teaches are surely "infernal" in their nature.

Let us trace this doctrine to its origin. We read in the Pearl of Great Price (chapter 4) that the Lord said unto Moses that one Satan, the devil, was from the beginning—"and he came before me, saying, Behold, here am I, send me, I will be thy son, and I will redeem all mankind, that one soul shall not be lost, and surely I will do it."

It seems that the question of a Redeemer for the world was under consideration in that council of heaven "in the beginning." The Son of God, "beloved and chosen from the beginning," offered to be that Redeemer, do the work according to the mind and will of the Father, and at the same time, give that Father all the honor and glory which by right was His. Satan also came forth and presented a plan for the redemption of man. The details of that plan we may not know, but this much we are told, that incorporated in it was the destruction of the agency of man. "I will redeem all mankind," said Satan, "that one soul shall not be lost"—certainly, something to be desired, if it were possible, but at what cost was this to be done? At the cost of man's agency. On this point we have the word of the Lord as follows: "Satan rebelled against me, and sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord God, had given him."

Here then we have a plain statement of the truth that the agency of man is something God-given, bequeathed to him from the beginning as an eternal heritage; and any system of religion or philosophy which would curtail it or take it away is certainly not from God.

Satan's scheme to save all men unconditionally would have taken from

them the right to choose and to abide by and carry out that choice—yes, even if that choice took them along the downward road to destruction. An eternal principle was at stake. The pathway to the region where God dwells lies through free agency. Destroy that, and progression stops.

Satan's schemes even "in the beginning" were deceptive. His plans would not have saved men in the full meaning of that term. It is true that incorporated with the plans of God there was salvation from the effects of the fall of Adam, a raising from the dead, a reuniting of the spirit and the body; and this was unconditional; but there was the salvation from personal sins, which could be gotten rid of only by personal effort through acceptance of and obedience to certain laws. If Satan's plans had been accepted, there would have been no need of any personal effort to get out from under the effects of sin. Existence would have been lifeless and purposeless, as there would have been no obstacles to overcome, no battles to fight, nothing to call out the strength and beauty of the developing soul. Without free agency, man would be but dead drift-wood on the ocean of eternity.

Regarding this individual who thus tried to frustrate the purposes of God, we read this statement:

"And this we saw also, and bear record, that an angel of God who was in authority in the presence of God, who rebelled against the Only Begotten Son, whom the Father loved, and who was in the bosom of the Father—was thrust down from the presence of God and the Son,

"And was called Perdition, for the heavens wept over him—he was Lucifer, a son of the morning.

"And we beheld, and lo, he is fallen! is fallen! even a son of the morning.

"And while we were yet in the Spirit, the Lord commanded us that we should write the vision, for we beheld Satan, that old serpent—even the devil—who rebelled against God, and sought to take the kingdom of our God and his Christ,

"Wherefore he maketh war with the saints of God, and encompasses them round about." (Doc. and Cov. lxxvi: 25-29.)

We have glimpses in the Scriptures of what this Satan has been doing from the time of that rebellion until the present. In Job's day we find him "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." He was on hand with all his powers in the earthly days of Jesus, the Son of God. Paul warned the Corinthians that Satan himself may be "transformed into an angel of light," such is his trickery and eagerness to deceive. Paul also writes to Timothy as follows: "Now, the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

We live in the latter days, and Paul's words have become true. A doctrine that promises salvation—the greatest gift which God can give to man—unconditionally and instantly, is certainly "seducing." The getting of something for nothing is like the spirit of gambling which is so prevalent in the world. Satan, he "who was in authority in the presence of God" before he fell, does not lack in a knowledge of human nature and its frailties. "In the beginning" he convinced "one third of the hosts of heaven" of the desirabil-

ity of his doctrine, and down through the ages he has not lost his cunning. Permeating, as an essential element, the majority of the Christian sects of the day, is this doctrine of saving men by taking away any need to act for themselves.

The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are out in the world fighting this false doctrine. They find it strongly intrenched behind a form of religion and sanctity, and they will need all the strength which God is pleased to give them. This fighting for truth is a grand work, worthy of man's best efforts.

The religious world has been lulled to sleep by the insidious doctrine of salvation by faith alone. It needs to be awakened from its deadly stupor. It believes, so it says, "that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble."

N. A.

Departures.—The following missionaries sailed from Liverpool for Boston, August 17, 1906, per s.s. *Arabic*: From Great Britain—John L. Riley, Jabez S. Adams, Joseph A. F. Everett, Joel R. Parrish, Francis Murphy, William J. Dunkley, James P. Cameron, Vernon W. Fairbanks, Ernest L. Ford, Joseph Norris. From the Netherlands—Bakke Postma. From Scandinavia—Thor C. Nielsen. From Switzerland and Germany—Charles Denney, Alma R. Bertoch. A party of forty-two, consisting of returning visitors and emigrating Saints, also sailed on the same boat. Elder Riley had charge of the company.

THE BRISTOL CONFERENCE.

The Bristol semi-annual conference was held August 12th, 1906, in Bradford Hall, Devizes Road, Swindon. President Heber J. Grant, President Wilford Day, and sixteen traveling Elders of the Bristol conference were in attendance.

At the morning session President Day very heartily welcomed all Saints and friends to the conference, then presented the general and local authorities of the Church, who were unanimously sustained. The statistical report for the past eight months was read, showing five branches, with a total membership of 224, and seventeen traveling Elders; 18 baptisms; strangers' houses visited with first tract, 26,447; by invitation, 1,526; Gospel conversations held, 13,220; tracts distributed, 145,490; books distributed, 3,384; meetings held, indoor 378, outdoor 49.

Elders James A. Berry, Samuel R. Arnold, Benjamin W. Dansie, and Charles Pocock bore strong testimonies to the truth which they were advocating. President Grant spoke on the lives and character of the Latter-day Saint missionaries.

At the afternoon service Elders Richard J. Smith, Ambrose Woolford, George M. McLean, Samuel E. McKean, Calvin G. Roberts, and George A. Anderson each spoke upon Gospel principles, and the necessity of obedience to the same. President Grant then spoke on the lives and character of the

the Latter-day Saints, setting forth the advancement they were making in every line of the world's progress.

At the evening service Elders George F. Smith, Heber C. Smith, and John W. B. Young each spoke upon the Gospel as revealed to the Latter-day Saints, and the blessings it afforded. President Day spoke briefly upon the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the origin of the Book of Mormon. President Grant in a very forceful address told of the disbelief that prevailed in the world to-day; also showed the absurd inconsistency of the falsehoods that are circulated against the Latter-day Saints.

During the services musical numbers were rendered by President Grant, Elder Cragun, and a quartett by Elders Roberts, Cragun, McKean, and Anderson. The meetings were fairly well attended, and a fine spirit prevailed.

President Grant met with the Elders in Priesthood meeting on Saturday night, and gave them many valuable instructions.

GEORGE A. ANDERSON, Clerk of Conference.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN EARLY DAYS.

BY ELDER GEORGE HILTON OF THE BIRMINGHAM CONFERENCE.

As my mind was refreshed while listening to the remarks of Patriarch Larkin at our Bradford conference, I thought a few of my own experiences in crossing the plains would not be out of place. No one can adequately describe those pioneer journeys and trials but those who have had the practical experience, those dear Saints who went across the dreary plains by hand-carts, ox-teams, and mule-teams. I am safe in saying that the bones of the Latter-day Saints are strewed across those deserts from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City. While crossing the plains with ox-team in the year 1866, nearly every day I would see a little mound cast up, with a board at its head, held there by a few stones, it bearing a little inscription cut out by a pocket-knife. Being a young man at the time, I would say, "Here lies another martyr for the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

In the year 1868 I was called upon a mission from the Sugar House Ward, Salt Lake City, to cross the plains to help gather the Saints. I left Salt Lake City in the spring of the year with four yoke of oxen and a covered wagon. I was alone. Arriving at Echo Canyon a man on horseback came up to me, and greeting me, told me of the death of President Heber C. Kimball. He rode off, and I did not see him again. I continued my journey. Soon I met other travelers, and a train was organized with Elder John Holman as captain.

I returned from my journey with about three hundred Saints. While coming down through Echo Canyon the hind axle of my wagon broke. The captain gave me a new wagon and said, "Brother Hilton, do the best you can. We cannot detain the whole train, as we are nearly out of provisions, and we must make Salt Lake City." I told him I had two very sick little girls in my wagon, and one, a mere skeleton; also two men and two women. They were Danish Saints, and I could not speak a word of their language.

It was now nearly night, and we slept under the wagon. By morning one

little girl was dead. I dug a grave by the stream, and breaking boards from my old wagon, I made everything as nice as I could. We bade farewell to one of our loved ones, and the tears shed by those dear parents I shall never forget. This, I understand, was the last family that went to Utah by ox-team or mule-team.

THE ELDERS' CONNECTION WITH SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH IN THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

On several occasions heretofore these pages have been employed in the dissemination of counsel and suggestion among our missionary Elders in active service. The purpose of the present writing has particular reference to missionaries in the field in relation to the Sunday schools operating within their territory.

In accordance with directions issuing from the General Board and approved by the presiding authorities of the Church, and as a direct result of the willing and efficient efforts of our missionary corps, Sunday schools are maintained in very many branches of the Church in practically all the missions throughout the world. In the larger branch organizations, and particularly near headquarters of mission or conference districts, generally in the larger cities, missionary Elders are within ready reach, and many have opportunity to attend regularly the Sunday school sessions. This condition is doubtless appreciated by the Elders and by the resident members of the Church interested in the Sunday school work.

In Sunday schools situated as described, the superintendency should secure all the assistance possible from the Elders of the district; and it is surely a part of the missionary's labor to actively serve the Sunday school interests.

Sunday schools so situated as to command the services of missionary brethren ought to rank among the model schools of the Church. Elders in the field have far greater opportunity for study and preparation than have their busy colleagues at home, and as to the Sunday school lessons assigned from week to week—the missionaries ought to be prepared to lead in the class work at a moment's notice.

In some sections of the mission field the Elders are both zealous and efficient in this phase of the service required of them. Such favorable conditions, however, are by no means universal in the mission territory. Instances have been brought to our notice wherein missionary Elders attending the Sunday school of the branch are ranked as among the least efficient of the members.

With ample time at their disposal, neglect of preparation and study on the part of the missionary Elders must be regarded as evidence of serious lack of the necessary zeal and spirit of their calling. When the Elder loses interest in his labor his usefulness is at an end. An unfailing symptom of waning interest and diminishing efficiency is sloth.

Is it possible that any Elders enrolled as now being in active service in the field are afflicted with this dread disease? Indolence and half-hearted service

are soul-destroying afflictions, and, moreover, they are as infectious as small-pox or yellow fever.

Presiding officers in the mission fields will do well to be ever watchful lest the early symptoms of this insidious disorder go undetected, and the paralyzing disease becomes established because unopposed. Need we say that no effort on the part of these officers will be effective if they themselves have become infected? Example alone can make precept effective as a remedy for slothfulness.

Missionaries stationed within a Sunday school district ought to be enrolled on the books of the school. As members of such school they are not privileged individuals to which the rules of the school do not apply; on the other hand, it is expected that they will be exemplars and worthy examples of efficiency both in class preparation and in deportment. Of course, all the Elders so enrolled are subject to assignment and call to special duty by their presiding officers, and such calls take precedence over all Sunday school duties; but while in uninterrupted attendance, the missionary Elder is failing in duty if he be other than a model member of the Sunday school. Be he teacher or pupil in the class, superintendent or member only in the school at large, of him the most devoted service is expected. The children of resident parents in the branch look upon the Elder from Zion as a man superior to men in general; he is the bearer of a message from heaven. If such a one shows lack of preparation and displays inefficiency in Sunday school work, the faith of those who look to him for guidance may suffer; and the careless one shall not escape the results of unworthy example.

One of the general officers of our Sunday school organization has recently returned from an extended tour, in the course of which he visited a number of Sunday schools in widely separated missions, conferences, and branches. He reports with grateful satisfaction the excellent work observed in many of the schools. But he regretfully adds that in other places evidence of inefficiency on the part of missionary Elders is manifest with the inevitable results.

Let it not be forgotten that the Elder on his mission is as a soldier in active service. All his time, his talents in full, his undivided effort and energy are required as long as he remains in the field.

Of Sunday schools having missionaries enrolled among their members much is expected.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PLAINS.

BY "A SALT LAKE WOMAN," IN THE "DESERET NEWS."

Back o'er the path of the pioneer,
Back o'er the desert lone;
The endless span,
And caravan
Braving a sea unknown.

"I was lost once," said a young settler of the Teton Basin, as he sat among some old pioneers on Pioneer day. Reminiscences were going the rounds of all assembled, dating back principally to that bygone pilgrimage in quest of

a land by a crystal sea. Our younger pioneer, the true son of his fathers, had something to tell of his own experience and continued:

"I was on my way to the Basin with a load of freight—supplies for winter—and running somewhat of a risk to be traveling over that great waste of country so late in the fall. I had, as I thought, escaped all storms, and called myself lucky as I came into view of our beautiful valley and the Teton peaks. I crowed too soon, I guess. Just as dusk was coming on, and I seven miles from my claim, a slight snowstorm began whirling about. I paid little heed to it at first, so sure was I of reaching my shack in good season. It was not long, however, before the ground was white, the road obscured, and my guides and sentinels, the towering peaks, lost in view. I jogged along cheerfully enough—my horses knew every step of the road, so many times had they covered the distance. But by and by they stood still, looking about through the whirling mist; they were puzzled, bewildered, and so was I. It was then I realized that I was lost, and so near home, too. I did the best I could. We traveled for hours and miles without reaching anywhere. I finally gave up, cared for my faithful horses, and crawled beneath my tarpaulin, under the wagon. A bright morning light awakened me, and I started up to find I had camped within a few feet of my own fence. Strange, wasn't it? so near home, and yet as I traveled about in that whirling world of white, I never felt so completely cast adrift in an unknown sea; never so alone, and yet, never so near my Maker. This last assurance put me to sleep."

"Exactly," piped up the oldest pioneer; "exactly. Alone and yet not alone. I crossed the plains to find that out. That great, silent, solitary desert where nothing but God remains."

Back o'er the path of the pioneer,
Back o'er the shifting sand;
Back to the beat
Of weary feet
Into the Promised Land.

"I crossed the plains when I was seven years old," said a sweet-faced woman, a little beyond the middle age, "and I think what stands out in boldest relief against that stretch of hot, shifting sand, is my poor little feet. Yes, I walked a greater part of the way. Mother would rub and soothe away the weariness of my tiny ankles after prayers were said, and I soon became lost in healthy, childish sleep. Bright and early the following morning I was always ready to start out on my day's tramp again. One ride I distinctly remember, however. Mother piled me into the wagon with the baby, who was asleep. As we crawled along in the dust and the heat, the oxen, together with those of the entire train, suddenly sniffed water, and naturally stampeded. Away we whirled, helter-skelter, pell-mell, bumpty-bump! Bedding and pillows flew in every direction. Like a tiny pebble I was bounced up and down, and shaken up generally, but I managed to hold to the baby and the side of the wagon till we came to an abrupt pause in mid stream. It was my poor arms that needed attention that night. Remember, mother?"

"I should rather think I do; it makes me tremble now. I never expected to find my children alive. Yet I did, and that night set my bread as usual, upset though I was. Yes, always after supper, when the children were in

bed, I set the bread for that entire company; and while all were at breakfast next morning, the bread was baking."

"And never did newly-baked bread give forth such good, wholesome odor to the desert air," said the sweet-faced woman.

"How many loaves, grandmother?"

"Bless you, I never had time to count them, my dear; besides the men were always impatient to start.

Back o'er the path of the pioneer,
Buffalo track and trail;
The prairie's hush
And gray sagebrush;
Back to our smiling vale.

"As I sit here to-night," said a very old resident of our smiling vale, "listening to the whir and hum of the trolley car and automobile, crossing the plains looms out of the past like a vague dream. In the silent watches of the night, when the hush of the prairie seemed unbearable—that awful hush, words cannot describe—we would sit within the circle of our wagons, a lonely little company, talking of our hopes for the future, of a beautiful city by a salt sea. But in the morning, when we would turn our steps westward, facing that grey ocean of sagebrush as far as our eyes could reach, perhaps some of us despaired of ever realizing those hopes and dreams of the night before. Yet by that light that never was on land or sea, our little band, like a ship on an unknown sea, sure enough, reached port, and here we are, in the midst of that very city that loomed up out of the hush and silent midnight watches of the plain."

Back o'er the path of the pioneer,
Back to our crystal sea;
Back to our sod,
And the breath of our God,
Freedom, eternally.

LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN.

WHAT the world needs is more to-day living; starting in the morning with fresh, clear ideals for that day, and seeking to live that day, and each successive hour and moment of that day, as if it were all time and all eternity. This has in it no element of disregard for the future, for each day is set in harmony with that future. It is like the sea-captain heading his vessel toward his point of destination, and day by day keeping her steaming toward it. This view of living kills morbid regret of the past, and morbid worry about the future. Most people want large, guaranteed slices of life; they would not be satisfied with manna fresh every day, as was given to the children of Israel; they want grain elevators filled with daily bread.

Life is worth living if it be lived in a way that is worth living. At each New Year tide it is common to make new resolutions, but in the true life of the individual each day is the beginning of a New Year if he will only make it so. A mere date on the calendar of eternity is no more a divider of time than that a particular grain of sand divides the desert.

Let us not make heroic resolutions so far beyond our strength that the resolution becomes a dead memory within a week; but let us promise ourselves that each day will be the new beginning of a newer, better and truer life for ourselves, for those around us, and for the world.—WILLIAM G. JORDAN.

ACTION.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

J. G. WHITTIER.

EVER CLIMBING.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DIED.

DAINES.—At Norwich, July 15, 1906, Lesley Daines, infant son of Herbert and Florence Matilda Daines.

WALKER.—At Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland, June 17, 1906, Margaret Stevenson Walker, wife of James Walker, aged 60 years.

HAMSWORTH.—At Barnsley, August 13, 1906, Hilda Hamsworth, aged one year and five months, daughter of Samuel and Annie Hamsworth.

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EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY HEBER J. GRANT, 10 HOLLY ROAD, LIVERPOOL:
FOR SALE IN ALL THE CONFERENCES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.